THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840].

"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night" (Ps. 90: 4).

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IN THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

THE STORY OF A CONVERSION.

HERR PETTERSSON was a prominent citizen of a small provincial city in the southern part of Sweden, more than fifty years ago. He was among the very respected few who paid enough taxes to be entitled to vote at municipal elections, and he could, consequently, discuss politics with some authority, though he knew a great deal less about the ship of state than about the ships in the harbor. Being a sail-maker by trade, he knew all about the rigging of a vessel, from the simple outfit of a fishing boat, to that of a proud frigate, and he, naturally, concluded that he knew just as much about the jibs and square sails, designed to catch the political wind; but he did not. He was dignified, though, showing in every movement that he was conscious of his importance to the state and the community in which he lived.

He was short of stature, corpulent, and well groomed. He was near-sighted, and looked out upon the world through heavy glasses, with the intensity of one determined not to miss any detail. His spectacles were supported by a short nose, pointing upwards, like a bowsprit, and on the lapels of his coat he always carried a liberal quantity of snuff, which had failed to find an entrance to its place of destination, and had, therefore, fallen and settled on his coat; for, be it remembered, at that time respectable citizens carried costly snuff-boxes, and, at regular intervals, transferred part of the contents to their nostrils, closing the natural respiratory channels. This was quite *comme il faut* at that time, and, really, no more absurd than the present habit, in which so many indulge, of smoking cigarettes and using the nose for a chimney.

Herr Pettersson was the proud father of a large and interesting

family. He had ten children, all of whom, boys and girls alike, had been brought up in the fear of God, and the rod. His wife faithfully assisted him in both methods of education.

For Herr Pettersson was a God-fearing man, in his way. In fact, he was a "Pietist." He claimed to have been "born again" by a hard, mental struggle, during which he had felt condemned for his sins, but had shed salty tears of repentance and prayed for forgiveness, until the Lord had assured him that his sins had been remitted. He was now, therefore, God's own child. He had peace in his soul, and knew that whenever the Lord should call him, he would be prepared to enter heaven, where he would don white robes and a crown of gold, and take his place in the string band which consists chiefly, if not exclusively, of harps. Happy in this belief, he frequently held conventicles in his house and preached to his friends and neighbors, who listened to him gladly and came to look up to him as a little king, a veritable "pillar of society." True, some of them criticized him for not taking an active interest in the labor movement which at that time began to attract attention, and some were shocked when parliament passed the act abolishing the prerogatives of the nobility, and Herr Pettersson showed his dissension by refusing to illuminate his home as a sign of jubilation. But this was soon forgotten, and he continued to hold his position as a leader among the Pietists, none of whom took an interest in the common people. He read his Bible diligently; he prayed and preached, and gave alms, and toiled faithfully; not that he thought he would receive anything by work; he believed in salvation by faith only; but he did all the good he could, because it was a pleasure to him, reward or no reward.

Reading was his regular Sunday work between church services. He read the Bible, the Prayer Book, Johann Arndt's *True Christianity*, the postils of Luther, and all the rest. The disciples of Aiman Ben David, the so-called Karaim, or Readers of the Mosaic faith, in the eighth century, could not have been more devoted to the written word than he was.

II.

In the western part of the city there lived an industrious citizen named Carlsson. He was known as sober, reliable, and honest. Nevertheless, many pious souls regarded it as a scandal that he should be permitted to sojourn in their midst. His eldest girl had refused to be confirmed in the established church, to the great consternation of the faithful, and chagrin of the authorized and well-paid pilot of souls. Then, when there was an additon to the family, he refused to have the baby sprinkled in accordance with law and custom. He was fined, but that did not help. Terrible! To have heathens growing up in the very center of Christendom! Then, on one occasion, there was a great religious gathering in the

city. Count Goldenstripe was the speaker, and everybody turned out to listen to the celebrated nobleman. Carlsson was there. At the close of the meeting, when everybody was in ecstasy, he had the impudence to ask the following question, "We have heard tonight that those who believe go to heaven when they die; where is the Scripture proof for that assertion?" A shiver went through the audience. The blasphemy! Then somebody shouted, "Throw the 'Mormon' out!" And there was no further discussion.

Carlsson was a "Mormon."

He was a rope-maker by trade. Herr Pettersson, the sail-maker, patronized him. His work was without flaw. He used the best materials, and was painstaking in every detail. He was reliable. Whenever he promised to have a job done, he kept his word, and his accounts were always correct, but he was a "Mormon." And there could, of course, be no social intercourse between the two families.

Said Mr. Pettersson to Mrs. Pettersson, one day, "It is a pity that that man should be a son of perdition."

"Yes," Mrs. Pettersson sighed, "and that he should drag his entire family down with him!"

"I think I must make an attempt to convert him," said Herr Pettersson. "I must free my conscience."

Mrs. Pettersson said she was pleased that he felt that way.

On Saturday night that week Mrs. Pettersson therefore sent Mrs. Carlsson, with her compliments, a basket containing a fat goose, some cookies and apples for the children, and some other articles of more or less value in a household. This was an excellent preliminary to the missionary effort that was to follow. To say that the gift caused wonder in the Carlsson home is to put it down very mildly. They knew nothing about the coming visit, and did not understand the fine diplomacy intended to prepare the way—the fine Italian hand, as it were, of Mrs. Pettersson. The following Sunday Herr Pettersson strutted off with his Bible under his arm on his missionary excursion.

It would serve no purpose to give a lengthy report of the conversation that took place. Suffice it to say that Herr Pettersson was cordially received, and that the two gentlemen talked till after midnight. Carlsson bore his testimony to the truth of the Book of Mormon and the divine calling of Joseph Smith as a prophet of God. Pettersson flew into a rage, as those who are on the wrong side generally do, and declared that his opponent would surely be damned, when he, Pettersson, should sing praises with the followers of the Lamb, forever and ever.

The two gentlemen separated, each praying God to snatch the other as a brand out of the fire.

III.

We have already said that Herr Pettersson was a constant

reader. He was not much of a student, only a reader. And there is a great deal of difference—about the same as between sorting peaches and eating them. The reader goes over the words and sentences mechanically. The student grasps the underlying meaning of the written word, and makes it part of his own thought. To study is exquisite pleasure; to read is wearisome labor. Herr Pettersson, at this time, was a reader.

One day he read the familiar story of Lazarus and Dives (Luke 16: 19-31). He knew it well.

Generally the thought of hell predominated in his mind when he perused this incomparable narrative; he fancied he saw Dives sizzling in flames, and then he reverently thanked his Maker that he, himself, was not a "vessel of wrath." It was, of course, impossible that he, a highly respectable citizen, an immaculate church member, and a pillar of society, should come near enough to the shore of the fiery lake to even hear the moanings of the lost, but it was edifying to read the story now and then as a warning. This time it was not hell that was photographed on his mind's eye, but Paradise.

Paradise to him was heaven; the place where God, angels, and a few mortals who are saved, dwell. And there in his mind's eye, he saw Lazarus in "the bosom" of Abraham. This puzzled him. Why did not Lazarus stand before the throne and play a harp? Why was he in Abraham's "bosom"? Did the Father of the faithful hold him on His lap? If so, did he hold Lazarus alone, or were there others who were similarly honored, and, anyhow, how many grown-up persons could he hold at one time?

Such questions, contrary to anything he had experienced before, forced themselves upon our dignified friend, at this time, and, in trying to find the correct answers, he spilt more than the usual quantity of highly-scented snuff on his heaving bosom. But it was all in vain. He found no escape from the difficulties.

Then he began to wonder if at death he, too, should be invited to sit in the lap of Abraham, or if that was a privilege reserved only for the good Hebrews, if there were any, something very doubtful, he thought. He could hardly hope to be honored with a place in the bosom of Abraham, he said to himself, but perhaps the man of God, Luther, or even the Apostle Paul, might notice him, for they were great on faith, and was not he, himself, saved by faith alone?

The thought grew upon him. It took possession of him.

IV.

The evening shadows fell rapidly and heavy. It had been a stormy autumn day, and the wind increased in strength as night drew near. The rain fell in torrents, and the old house trembled on its foundations.

Herr Pettersson retired, but could not sleep. He tossed from

side to side, without finding the comfort he sought. He turned to the wall, but it seemed to recede from him, and he was gazing, he thought, into a dark expanse to which he could see no boundary. He turned on his back, only to find the ceiling repeat the performance of the wall. And then the wind moaned and whistled chromatic scales in every key, in the tree-tops and among the chimneys.

How long our friend was kept on the rack by his thoughts in this manner, he knew not. Finally, however, sleep overpowered him.

And then he had a dream, which became the turning-point of his life. He believed in dreams, and, therefore, the Lord could speak to him in that language. It was one of those dreams that seemed to be realities.

He died.

Immediately he passed the border line. There he was received by kind messengers, who covered his nakedness, and took him to the home of his ancestors, where he met his parents and grandparents, and other near relatives, and some friends who had assembled in his honor. They all rejoiced exceedingly. He was provided with new clothes. Delicious fruit was set before him. He learned to understand the language spoken and to communicate his thoughts. He was gradually taught many things necessary in the great beyond of which we in mortality can have no conception. Then he was permitted to travel, "to see the world," as we should say. His guardian angel accompanied him, as his guide.

To Herr Pettersson the world of spirits resembled the material world. There were many countries, or "kingdoms." There were cities and villages, lakes and rivers, fields and gardens, houses and mansions, temples and palaces, flowers and animals of great beauty and variety. The people were busy. Some were building, some were planting, some harvesting. Many were preaching on street corners and in assembly halls, and all had large congregations.

"Who are they?" Herr Pettersson asked.

"They," his guide answered, "belong to the Church of the Firstborn, and they have been sent here to be ministering spirits to those who shall yet become heirs of salvation."

"I am afraid," stammered Herr Pettersson, "that I do not comprehend you. Are we not in heaven? How can the word of salvation be preached here?"

"No, brother!" the guide replied, "we are not in what mortals call 'heaven.' This is Hades."

"What, hell!" Pettersson exclaimed, amazed and alarmed.

"Yes, hell," the guide affirmed. "We are in the *Sheol*, or *Hades*, of the ancients; that is, in the world of spirits."

During this conversation the travelers had approached a large assembly who had been listening to a discourse. The speaker had just finished when they stopped. But before the crowd had begun to disperse, a personage in the audience ascended the diminutive platform and began to speak. Said he:

"Brothers and sisters! We have heard an earnest and eloquent appeal in behalf of Prince Emmanuel for volunteers for His service, and promises of everlasting rewards. But consider the propositions made. We are asked to repent and give up almost everything that we like to do, and to 'crucify' our desires. *My* master offers you exaltation in his kingdom without any previous sacrifice. Join his forces, and we will overthrow Prince Emmanuel and his kingdom, and all his threats will become as nothing.

"You say you like to pray. Very well! My master has composed a set of prayers which you can read every day. They are pretty and appropriate. You need not think while you read them. You can count them off on a string.

"The whole system of voluntary service is wrong. Children are *compelled* to do right. Men and women are but grown-up children. My master knows this. And he proposes to compel all to attend worship and to do right, and thus bring about universal salvation without fail. Join my master's forces, the glorious army of Lucifer, the Son of the Morning."

A few in the congregation acted on this appeal, and followed Lucifer's messenger.

"Where are they going?" asked Pettersson.

"He takes them," the guide answered, "to the region of the Spirit World, at present occupied by the devil and his subjects, where they are being trained for the final conflict between him and the Son of God, and also for missionary work among the children of men in mortality. Some of them are trained in journalism; some in statesmanship. Some are studying theology and some are made proficient in all the arts and sciences of warfare."

Herr Pettersson shuddered.

"All," the guide continued, "are being carefully trained in oratory—the devil's oratory."

"What kind of oratory is that?" Herr Pettersson asked.

"That," the guide said, "is a very difficult art, but one which is highly esteemed in the kingdom of Lucifer. He is the father of it. In its simplest form it is a denial of facts, and nothing more. Even a child can master that part of it. In a higher stage of the art, the devil's orator has the ability of proving that black is white, and white is black; that sin is virtue and virtue sin, and that truth is lie and lie truth. This is considered a great and useful accomplishment in the service of Lucifer, but the doctor's degree is given only to those who can prove, by some sort of logical conjurer's trick, that their wicked deeds and follies were not committed by them, but by those who caught them in the very act. Lately, Lucifer has obtained a large contingent of mortals who had made a specialty of all kinds of lying before crossing the River into this world."

"What will become of them?" asked Herr Pettersson.

"Unless they repent and are redeemed by Emmanuel, they will remain with the devil to the last," was the solemn reply of the guide. "They will then perish with him, as 'sons of perdition,' in the eternal fire, but 'the end thereof, neither the place thereof, nor their torment, no man knows.'"

Our travelers now proceeded on their journey. Presently they came to a park, in which there were all kinds of beautiful trees, bearing inviting fruit; also flowers that delighted the eye and filled the air with fragrance. There were animals of all kinds. Lions and tigers played gracefully, and lambs gamboled in an exuberance of joy. Bees hummed, and gorgeously arrayed butterflies flitted from flower to flower.

"This is Paradise," the guide said.

"Paradise?" Pettersson repeated.

"Yes, Paradise. You see," the guide explained, "this is the pattern of the Garden which God planted in the land of Eden. Adam knew this park well."

Herr Petterson and his guide entered the enclosure. No one prevented them, though there were guards at the entrance and at other places. There were a great many people there. Some seemed to be quite at home. They picked fruit and flowers. They entered the pavilions and reclined on the seats. Servants waited on them, and the guards saluted them when they passed. "These," the guide said, "belong to the Church of the Firstborn. They are of the King's household, and invited guests." Others were only sightseers, like our friend and his guide.

Herr Pettersson regarded the guests of the King with intense interest. They all shone with a peculiar brilliancy. They seemed to be transparent, so that their minds were in full view. Their thoughts could be read. And they were pure through and through. There was no "guile" in them. Their garments, as their flowing locks, were white as snow. Our wanderer eagerly looked for some familiar face among them, but in vain. Was not the Rev. Mr. Stonebluff, who died a few years ago, among the guests in Paradise? Or Mr. Hoffman, the revivalist?

In answer to these questions, the guide shook his head and said, "I am afraid not; there are very few clergymen and revivalists in Paradise. There are many in the Prison."

"Prison!" Mr. Pettersson exclaimed, "Is there a prison, too?"

"There is," the guide said. "It is not exactly what mortals call a 'prison.' It is a region of the spirit world in which many are held for 'safe-keeping,' until the day of judgment. They are deprived of the privilege of associating with other spirits and cannot influence them to disobedience. They are left to deplore the loss of many opportunities, and in that frame of mind, repentance is exceedingly difficult, though the gospel is being preached to them."

(*Continued on page 11*).

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 4, 1917.

EDITORIAL.

CONFIRMING THE BOOK OF MORMON.

According to the belief of the Latter-day Saints, the American continents were inhabited before the Flood. Somewhere in America, they believe, Enoch built his marvelous city, which was taken from the earth before the deluge. Somewhere in that region, Noah built the ark, and preached the gospel of repentance, and from America he was carried across the mighty deep until the vessel in which he and his family had found safety rested on Mount Ararat.

The Book of Mormon tells us that some of those who were engaged in the construction of the Tower of Babel and who were scattered over the face of the earth were brought to America. There they grew to become a mighty nation. In course of time, however, they became exceedingly wicked and destroyed each other. These people are known as the Jaredites.

The sacred record mentioned also tells us that about six hundred years before our era, the Lord brought another colony of settlers to America. They came from Jerusalem. They also increased, prospered, and became wicked. Like the Jaredites, they destroyed each other, and but few remained after their sanguinary wars. From these the Red Indians have descended.

The Book of Mormon teaches, then, that there has been communication between Asia and America during the past ages, and that the American ancient civilization, of which many marvelous monuments still remain, are of Semitic origin, influenced, however, by Egyptian culture. This is implied by Nephi, when he says that he makes his record in the language of his father, "which consists of the learning of the Jews and the language of the Egyptians," and, when the circumstances of the time in which Lehi lived before he emigrated from Jerusalem are considered, it is easily understood that the Egyptian influence must have been considerable upon the Hebrew mind and intellectual life generally. He lived at a time when Babylonia and Egypt were striving for supremacy in Palestine, and when the shortsighted leaders of the people favored the Egyptians in preference to the Chaldeans, to such an extreme degree that many of them fled to Egypt, when the army of Nebuchadnezzar approached their beloved city. They even forced Jeremiah to accompany them to Egypt. Under the circumstances it is natural that Egyptian in-

fluence should have had a strong hold on the leading men among the Jews, as indicated in the Book of Mormon.

Lately, scientists have been inclined to doubt our belief in this respect. They have tried to account for the similarity observed in the civilizations of the Old World and the New, by supposing that similar needs and circumstances in different parts of the world may well lead isolated groups of men to work out systems of civilization of the same type. How much this theory owes to a desire to disprove the Book of Mormon, no one knows. Even scientists may have their prejudices. It is all the more noteworthy that a recent contributor to *Science* (New York, August 11th, 1916), G. Elliot Smith, contends that the pre-Columbian civilization of the Americas came from Egypt. He places the date of its exodus from that country at 900 B.C. A "cultural migration," he thinks, took place at that time, which left its influence also in India, China, and Polynesia. On this theory the trek eastward from the Red Sea, of Lehi and his company, would appear quite natural, though miraculously guided by divine power.

As quoted in the *Literary Digest*, September 9th, 1916, G. Elliot Smith writes:

"The proof of the reality of this great migration of culture, is provided, not merely by the identical geographical distribution of a very extensive series of curiously distinctive, and often utterly bizarre, customs and beliefs, the precise dates and circumstances of the origin of which are known in their parent countries, but by the fact that these strange ingredients are compounded in a definite and highly complex manner, to form an artificial cultural structure, which no theory of independent evolution can possibly explain, because chance played so large a part in building it up in its original home.

"For instance, it is quite conceivable (though, I believe, utterly opposed to the evidence at our disposal) that different people might, independently the one of the other, have invented the practices of mummification, building megalithic monuments, circumcision, tattooing, and terraced irrigation; evolved the stories of the petrification of human beings, the strange adventures of the dead in the underworld, and the divine origin of kings; and adopted sun-worship.

"But why should the people of America and Egypt who built megalithic monuments, build them in accordance with very definite plans compounded of Egyptian, Babylonian, Indian, and East Asiatic models? And why should the same people who did so, also have their wives' chins tattooed, their sons circumcised, their dead mummified? Or why should it be the same people who worshiped the sun, and adopted the curiously artificial winged-sun-and-serpent symbolism, who practised terraced irrigation in precisely the same way, who made idols, and held similar beliefs

regarding them, who had identical stories of the wanderings of the dead in the underworld?

"If any theory of evolution of customs and beliefs is adequate to explain the independent origin of each item in the extensive repertoire, either of the New Empire Egyptian or the pre-Columbian American civilization (which I deny), it is utterly inconceivable that the fortuitous combination of hundreds of utterly incongruous and fantastic elements could possibly have happened twice. It is idle to deny the completeness of the demonstration which the existence of such a civilization in America supplies of the fact that it was derived from the late New Empire Egyptian civilization, modified by Ethiopian, Mediterranean, West Asiatic, Indian, Indonesian, East Asiatic, and Polynesian influences. * * *

"All that I claim, then, is that the influence of Egypt was handed on from place to place; that the links which all ethnologists recognize as genuine bonds of union can with equal certainty be joined up into a cultural chain uniting Egypt to America.

"In almost every one of the focal points along this great migration-route the folk-lore of to-day has preserved legends of the culture-heroes who introduced some one or other of the elements of this peculiarly distinctive civilization. * * *

"At every spot where they touched and tarried, whether on the coasts of Asia, the islands of the Pacific, or on the continent of America, the new culture took root and flourished in its own distinctive manner, as it was subjected to the influence of the aborigines or to that of later comers of other ideas and traditions; and each place became a fresh focus from which the new knowledge continued to radiate for long ages after the primary inoculation.

"The first great cultural wave (or the series of waves of which it was composed) continued to flow for several centuries. It must have begun some time after 900 B.C., because the initial equipment of the great wanderers included practices which were not invented in Egypt until that time. The last of the series of ripples in the great wave set out from India just after the practice of cremation made its appearance there, for at the end of the series the custom of icinerating the dead made its appearance in Indonesia, Polynesia, Mexico, and elsewhere."

J. M. S.

THE annual message of greeting from the First Presidency of the Church will appear in next week's *Star*.

"WE will stand firmly upon the rock of revelation, and God will guide our footsteps in the way of life, and, by and by, we will learn the things that we forgot when we came on the earth in the flesh, and we will retain all the light, and truth, and experience gained while in mortality, and if we are faithful to the last, we will shine forth in the presence of the Father, like the stars of the heavens, and like the sun, for ever and ever."—CHARLES W. PENROSE.

IN THE WORLD OF SPIRITS.

(*Concluded from page 7*).

While the guide explained the nature of the "prison," Mr. Pettersson's attention was attracted to a spirit in white robes, whose features appeared familiar to him. He strained his eyes, till they seemed to protrude from their sockets. "Is it possible? It cannot be. But it is!" The thoughts chased one another through his mind. "It is." Yes, it was an older brother of Mr. Carlsson.

This brother had died a few years ago in poverty. He was a "Mormon" and had been ostracized on earth. And here he was draped in white, one of the King's guests, associating with the King's household!

The greeting was cordial on both sides. But Carlsson had an appointment. He was on his way to the banquet hall, where he was to attend a function in honor of Prince Emmanuel. Later there was to be a meeting in Palm Grove, and Mr. Carlsson hoped to see Mr. Pettersson and his guide there.

They attended.

There was a large concourse seated under the majestic trees whose soft shadows gave the impression of peace and rest. On the platform there were a band and a choir, and when the pure voices blended with the sound of reeds and strings, of horns and drums and cymbals, in praise of Him who lives forever, the effect was that of "many waters." Again and again the volume of sound rose in sweet harmony, "Allelnia! For the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Let us be glad and rejoice, and give honor to Him: for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and his wife has made herself ready."

Then a majestic form arose. He spoke amid deep silence. His features cannot be described, but they were indelibly impressed upon Herr Pettersson's mind. His voice was clear and musical; his gestures natural and simple. It was evident that he was a commanding figure in the world of spirits.

And his sermon!

He spoke of the Church in the desert, outlining the trials it had endured since the exodus from Nauvoo.

This was incomprehensible to Herr Pettersson, who had never heard of Nauvoo.

He went on to speak of the trials yet to come in the Valleys of the Mountains. But, he added, the Church will be triumphant, and the gospel of the Redeemer will fill the world. He spoke about the great Council presided over by the Ancient of Days, on which occasion power and dominion were conferred upon the Son of Man, and pointed out that the decrees of that Council were about to be executed.

Then he spoke about the Millennium. That, he said, will be the

reign of peace, when temples will dot the surface of the Earth, in which representative work will be performed, until every spirit in the spirit world shall have an opportunity to enter into some degree of glory.

Herr Pettersson did not understand a word. It is not easy in the spirit world to grasp new truths.

The speaker then went on to explain the different degrees of glory. There are, he said, in the world some who have received the testimony of Jesus, believed and been baptized and received the gift of the Holy Ghost; they have kept faith and been valiant to the last. They belong to the Church of the Firstborn; they are Priests and Kings, having received of God's glory; they are gods and the sons of God, and they are admitted to the presence of the eternal Father, and His Son, and the Holy Spirit. They shall come forth in the resurrection of the just with celestial bodies, and shall reign with Christ on earth over His people. They shall mingle with angels and the Church of Enoch and the Firstborn, and enjoy celestial glory.

But, he continued, there are many who die in ignorance of the gospel, and others who hear it but reject it until they hear it again in the world of spirits. Among them are honorable men, who are blinded by prejudices. When they receive the gospel, they are in a position to receive terrestrial bodies and to enter into the presence of the Son, but not to receive the fulness of the Father.

Then, he said, there are a great many who do not receive the gospel on earth, nor the testimony of Jesus in the world of spirits, and yet do not deny the Holy Spirit. Many of them belong to apostate churches; some are liars and sorcerers, and sinners against the laws of chastity. They, consequently, gather in the kingdom of the devil and remain there until the second resurrection, when, if purified by suffering, they receive a telestial glory. They are in touch with the Holy Spirit, for they have not denied Him, "but where God and Christ dwell they cannot come, worlds without end." And yet, their glory surpasses all understanding. Each one shall receive, according to his works, "his own dominion, in the mansions which are prepared," and there "they shall be servants of the Most High." And their number is "as the stars in the firmament of heaven, or as the sand on the seashore."

He closed his discourse.

And the choir and congregation sang, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! The heavens and the earth are full of thy glory."

After the meeting, Carlsson had a long talk with Herr Pettersson, but the latter did not seem able to grasp the truths unfolded to him.

Finally he asked, "Who was the speaker?" To which the reply came, "Joseph Smith, the great Prophet of the Last Dispensation."

V.

"Pettersson! Pettersson! Wake up! It is long past breakfast time!"

It was Mrs. Pettersson's voice. She could not understand why he slept so long. Nothing like it had happened before during their married life. "Wake up!" she called again.

Pettersson opened his eyes. "Did you say 'Joseph Smith'?" he asked.

"No, I said 'Pettersson,'" she answered. "Whom are you talking about?"

Pettersson, still only partly awake, saw his wife. 'Are you here, too?" was his bewildered question.

"Of course I am," Mrs. Pettersson replied; where should I be, if not here?"

"When did you die?" he asked next.

"When did I die?" Mrs. Pettersson screamed. "I believe he is out of his mind."

Pettersson sat up. There was no sign of Paradise. He grasped his head with both hands. The children now came into the room. They saw their mother crying and joined her, though not knowing why. "Am I not dead?" Herr Pettersson asked. "Is this not *Sheol*?"

"No, dear!" Mrs. Pettersson assured him. "You are alive and in your own home, and we are all alive. Do you not know your wife and children?" she cried, bitterly.

Herr Pettersson was fully awake by this time, and began to realize that he had just returned from Dreamland. He soon succeeded in reassuring his family, and restoring calm and happiness.

"Well, well!" he mused, "what a wonderful existence is ours! We live and dream, and dream and live, and the question is, Which is the more real? The life we dream by day, or the dreams we live by night?

Herr Pettersson was a changed man from that night. He now fully realized that he knew absolutely nothing of God's plan of salvation. He was humble, and willing to learn. And he knew where to go for information. He hastened to the home of the rope-maker, the "Mormon," whose testimony he had despised, but which had, nevertheless, taken hold of his soul, and given to his existence a new meaning. He heard again of faith, repentance, baptism, the laying on of hands, the gathering of the saints, the Millennial reign, judgment, and the glory of the Hereafter. And he drank in every word eagerly. He and his wife and the older children were baptized, and there was exceeding joy in that home. As he came up out of the water of baptism, he exclaimed, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

J. M. S.

PRAYER.

THERE are many subjects that might be considered appropriate and appealing to us as Latter-day Saints, but none, to my mind, is more interesting than prayer. This subject, when talked upon, seems to throw a feeling of reverence and attention upon each individual.

The power of prayer is wonderful, but it alone cannot reach the ear of Him who rules over all. It truly requires faith and works to accomplish the desires of our hearts. We know that prayer is the utterance of the sincere wish of the soul. It should be each one's aim in life to have a fervent desire to live in tune with the Infinite, so that our lives will be harnessed with light and understanding, with wisdom and with knowledge.

There is no better way by which one can gain these desires than to offer daily prayers for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, who will lead men on into a knowledge of the higher things of earth. We will, through constant prayer, become closely associated with God. He will be our friend when danger is near, and when in sickness and death.

We are told that faith begets faith; therefore, we must ask in faith, if our prayers are to be answered. We often hear of a little child's faith, and how its simple prayers are answered. It seems to me that it is the sweet innocence that moves God to answer the prayers of children.

We are taught from our infancy to pray; but somehow many of us lose the spirit of prayer as we grow older. If we knew its power, its comfort, its peace, and the many blessings it will bring to us, it would ever be good to the weary and unhappy souls of the earth. The place of prayer, we are told, is in our houses of worship, our homes, and in secret places, and even in our fields when we are at work. A prayerful heart should be our one great thought. One man, through the whisperings of the Holy Spirit, was saved from a terrible death. He had always been true to his religion, and had believed in keeping a prayerful heart.

I truly believe that all prayers are heard, though we do not always receive that particular gift for which we ask. I also believe that, if we had a sufficient degree of wisdom, we would sense the reason of our heavenly Father in not answering many of our prayers. He says that through trials we are made stronger; therefore, many trials and temptations are placed in our pathway to prove us in times when we thought we were the strongest. And also trials are sent to test the strength of our faith.

It behooves each one of us to so live that when trials are sent we shall be in a condition to stand them. It is only when we are fully prepared to receive an answer to prayer that the Lord sees fit to grant our earnest desires.

In one of our hymns we sing of prayer. How beautiful is the meaning of the first verse:

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast."

It is the highest form of communication between man and higher intelligent beings. Prayer is also an act through which we gain our understanding, and are guided through the darkest channels into a brilliant light that once seemed beyond our comprehension. It is they who have proved their faithfulness, and walked with a prayerful heart, that appear as guiding stars in our presence; always so full of confidence and trust that their influence seems like a cooling breeze, so free and happy do we feel in their presence.

The man who walks in earnest prayer receives power, hope, wisdom, understanding and knowledge. He is not without these, as he looks beyond; he obtains, through the Spirit of God, a higher view of this earth's plan, and also of eternity.

Roy, Weber Co., Utah, U.S.A. LOVINA BROWN.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR.

December 1.—Greeks fire on French and English soldiers in the streets at Athens. About a hundred casualties reported.

December 5.—Mr. Asquith resigns as Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury of Great Britain.

December 6.—Bucharest evacuated by the Rumanians. Germans take possession. Rejoicing at Berlin and Vienna.

December 7.—Greece to be blockaded until reparation is made for the attack on French and British soldiers at Athens. Mr. Lloyd George succeeds Mr. Asquith as Premier.

December 12.—Herr Bethmann-Hollweg announces, in the Reichstag, that Germany and her allies, "conscious of their responsibility before God, before their own nation, and before humanity," have proposed to the hostile powers to enter into peace negotiations.

December 14.—The British forces in Mesopotamia advancing on Kut-el-Amara.

December 15.—The French report a brilliant victory before Verdun. The German front broken into over a depth of two miles.

December 16.—The Rumanians continue retreating. Ploesti occupied by the invading forces.

December 19.—Mr. Lloyd George, the British Premier, in the House of Commons, replies to the German Chancellor, and points out that Germany has not offered any terms as a basis of negotiations. "There must," he adds, "be retribution, reparation, and guarantees against

repetition, so that there should be no mistake—and it was important that there should be no mistake in a matter of the life and death of millions."

December 20.—President Wilson, of the United States, presents a note to the entente allies, suggesting that the belligerents on both sides state the terms on which they would begin peace negotiations.

December 22.—Switzerland issues a peace note in support of the American note.

December 26.—Germany, in reply to President Wilson's peace note, proposes an immediate meeting of delegates of all the belligerent powers. This reply is generally considered to be an evasion of the American inquiry regarding terms.

December 27.—The German reply to the Swiss note welcomes co-operation by Switzerland, for the preservation of the world's peace.

December 28.—Austrian diplomats arrive at Geneva. Rumor has it that Austria is prepared to negotiate for peace, and leave Germany to her fate. A Berlin paper, the *Vossische Zeitung*, suggests that Germany would give Russia free access to the Dardanelles.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Arrivals.—The following-named missionaries arrived for the British mission December 26th, 1916, per s.s. *Scandinavian*: Hugh S. Latimer, Salt Lake City; Herman K. Danielsen, Lewiston, Utah; Ether L. Marley, Robin, Idaho; Leland Hair, Vernal, Utah; Leroy S. Dickson, Morgan, Utah; Robert W. Cluff, Sugar City, Idaho.

Appointments.—The missionaries who arrived for the British mission, December 26th, 1916, have been appointed to labor in the following conferences: Hugh S. Latimer, Sheffield; Herman K. Danielsen, Ether L. Marley, Liverpool; Leland Hair, Leroy S. Dickson, Birmingham; Robert W. Cluff, Manchester.

DIED.

HADLEY.—At Handsworth (Birmingham conference), December 9th, 1916, Henry Hadley. Deceased was born October 24th, 1875, and was baptized and confirmed July 15th, 1908, by Elder Mark H. Preece. Brother Hadley was held in high esteem by all who knew him, and died a true and faithful Latter-day Saint.

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